MYSTERIOUS
10¢
THRILLING TALES OF SUSPENSE
LN
MYSTERIOUS Adventures
AUGUST
No. 15
HERE'S YOUR BILL!
BILL! BILL! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH HIM!
BE SURE TO READ
GHOUL CRAZY

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
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EXCITING COMICS
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DARING ADVENTURES

"With God All Things Are Possible!"

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?

Are You Worried About Your Health?

Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?

Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?

Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?

Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?

Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

IF you have any of these *PROBLEMS*, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news . . . news of a thrilling *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the *PROBLEMS* of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And this *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to *YOU!*

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible we all love so well, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the *ABUNDANT LIFE*—of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part *PRAYER* has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom *PRAYER* has always been a glorious blessing—then this *NEW WAY* will make *PRAYER* even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to *PRAYER* only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this *NEW WAY* may open a whole new world of *FAITH* and *SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING* for you. You will find God's *LOVE* and *POWER* coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

GOD LOVES YOU!

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *IN ANY WAY*—please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you *FULL INFORMATION* by *AIR MAIL* about this wonderful *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help *YOU!*

The reason we are so *sure* we can help you is that, *for more than ten years*, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these *in almost every mail!*

"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in"!—H.D., Balt., Md.

"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone"! —Mrs. D.W., Mo.

"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are"!—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before"!—Myrtle P., Merryville, La.

"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life"!—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw the like"!—A.B., Augusta, Ga.

"God is daily showering His blessings on me"! —Augusta E., Ill.

"I sincerely believe God directed me to you"!—Mrs. A.S., Wisc.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

So, don't wait, dear friend! If you have *PROBLEMS* of any kind—if you would like to live a *MORE ABUNDANT LIFE*—of *BETTER HEALTH, GREATER PROSPERITY, TRUE HAPPINESS*—please, please don't let another minute slip by! Clip and mail the coupon now, so we can send you our wonderful *NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL!* We promise you—you will bless this day!

Your friends who want to help you in

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THE WORLD THOUGHT HIM A HERO--- THE BRAVEST OF BIG-GAME HUNTERS--- BUT, HE WASN'T/ HE WAS CRUEL AND VICIOUS UNTIL THAT FATAL MOMENT WHEN HE LEARNED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN——

THE HUNTER and the HUNTED!

IT ALL BEGAN, ROGER CRANBY, JR., WHEN YOU WERE A TINY CHILD, STILL CRAWLING IN YOUR PLAY-PEN..

YOU WERE THREE YEARS OLD, ROGER GRANBY, JR., WHEN YOU CAUGHT YOUR FIRST LIVING VICTIM...

WHEN YOU WERE SIX YOU WERE KILLING BIRDS... AND NOT IN A VERY NICE WAY EITHER...

A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, YOU RAN OVER A DOG WITH YOUR BICYCLE...

SO YOU RODE HOME. A FEW MINUTES LATER YOU WERE BACK. YOU HAD A GUN FROM YOUR FATHER'S COLLECTION...

FIRING THAT AUTOMATIC PUT SOMETHING IN YOUR BLOOD. YOU'D NEVER FIRED A GUN BEFORE. THAT EVENING...

THAT NIGHT, YOUR PARENTS TALKED IT OVER...

So the men took you hunting with them. The results? Well, the first day you hunted rabbits. You couldn't hit a thing, so you wandered off and got your rabbit your own way...

By the time you were fifteen you were a crack shot. But rules still meant nothing.

When you were twenty, you shot the largest deer ever bagged in the county. But how'd you do it?

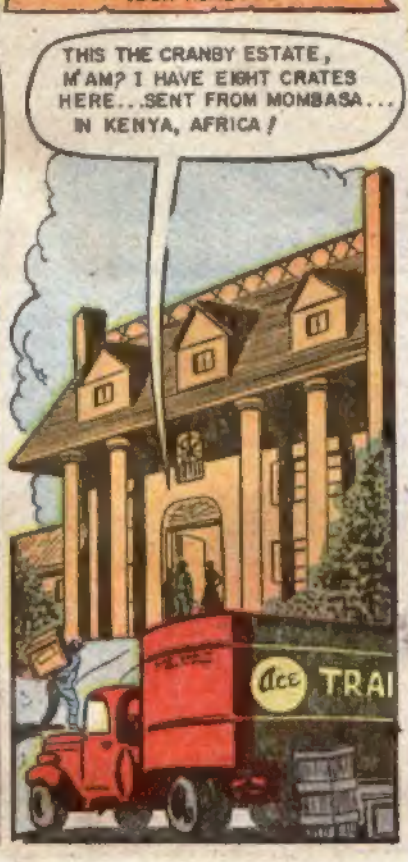
The deer was paralyzed by the glare of your brights. You just walked right up to it and put a bullet in its head. That was some kill, wasn't it, Roger?

At twenty-three you had your own sizeable collection in your own room at home. You proudly showed it to your fiancee, Millie...

And so you were married, Roger...

MARRIED LIFE DIDN'T CHANGE YOU, ROGER! YOU COULD AFFORD TO LEAVE MILLIE AT HOME WHILE YOU WENT HUNTING ALL OVER THE WORLD. THE YEARS WENT BY AND YOUR HOME BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE A MUSEUM...

YOU SOON WENT AWAY AGAIN, ROGER. AND AGAIN THE CRATED TROPHIES BEGAN ARRIVING AT YOUR HOME...



THE TRUCKMEN BROUGHT THE CRATES INSIDE AND UNPACKED THEM. WHAT STRANGE LOOKING ANIMALS YOU SENT THIS TIME, ROGER! BUT YOU TERRIFIED MILLIE WHEN YOU SENT HOME...

BUT WHEN YOU RETURNED HOME, ROGER, YOU INSISTED THAT THE ALLIGATOR BE PUT ON DISPLAY. MILLIE WEPT... BUT YOU WERE FIRM...

OH, ROGER...WHAT NEXT? (SOB) WHAT NEXT?

THERE... THERE...MILLIE/ THAT'S THE ONLY REPTILE IN THE ENTIRE COLLECTION. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT/

AND I HAVE GOOD NEWS, MILLIE/ MY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE/ I'M RETIRING FROM HUNTING/

THANK HEAVEN/ THANK HEAVEN, IT'S ALL OVER/

YOU WERE FAMOUS, ROGER... KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS THE GREATEST HUNTER IN THE WORLD/ YOUR COLLECTION ATTRACTED ENORMOUS ATTENTION

TOMORROW, MILLIE, A COMMITTEE OF MUSEUM CURATORS AND ANTHROPOLOGISTS IS COMING TO LOOK AT MY TROPHIES. YOU'LL HEAR WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MY COLLECTION/

THE NEXT DAY...

CRANBY, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I DID NOT SEE IT MYSELF. MAGNIFICENT... ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT/

THANK YOU, HOLLISON/ VERY KIND OF YOU/

AN EPIC COLLECTION... EPIC/ YOU MUST HAVE WORKED HARD FOR MANY YEARS GATHERING SUCH SPECIMENS/

WORK? WELL... NOT EXACTLY, GENTLEMEN/ YOU SEE...I NEVER REGARD HUNTING AS WORK/ IT'S MERELY MY FAVORITE SPORT/

CRANBY, YOU'RE THE MAN WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR/ DO YOU KNOW THAT BUT FOR ONE ANIMAL YOU WOULD HAVE EVERY SPECIES KNOWN TO MAN?

BUT... BUT I THOUGHT I HAD EVERY SPECIES/ WHAT'S MISSING?

THE SURVIVORS OF THE PREHISTORIC BRONTOSAURUS IN THE DEEPEST JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON/ WE KNOW THEY EXIST... BUT THEY HAVE NEVER BEEN FOUND/

NOT A SINGLE HUNTER OR EXPLORER WHO'S EVER SOUGHT THIS MONSTER HAS EVER RETURNED/ CRANBY... YOU'RE THE MAN WHO CAN DO IT/

THIS WAS A CHALLENGE TO YOU, ROGER... AND YOU WERE QUICK TO TAKE IT UP...

I'LL FIND IT / DON'T WORRY, GENTLEMEN / I'LL ORGANIZE AN EXPEDITION AT ONCE /

MILLIE PLEADED WITH YOU, ROGER / BUT DID YOU LISTEN TO HER...?

ROGER...NO... NO / YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D RETIRE FROM HUNTING /

I SAID I'D RETIRE WHEN I'D CAPTURED EVERY SPECIES THAT EXISTS / I'LL GET THIS ONE, TOO / I'M THE GREATEST HUNTER IN THE WORLD /

SO YOU ORGANIZED YOUR EXPEDITION. WEEKS LATER YOU WERE DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON...

THIS IS THE TERRITORY / THINGS SHOULD START HAPPENING SOON /

AND THEY DID / MINUTES LATER TWO HULKING BEHEMOTHS FROM ANOTHER AGE CRASHED THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND CLUTCHED YOU IN THEIR CLAWS. YOUR NATIVE INDIAN PORTERS FLED IN TERROR...

EEEEYYAAH! NO / GOOD LORD... IT'S IMMOSSIBLE!

THE MONSTERS CARRIED YOU OFF DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE...

NO...NO...THIS CAN'T BE TRUE / I'M THE HUNTER... NOT YOU /

UP AHEAD YOU SAW OTHER MONSTERS IN A CLEARING IN THE BUSH. THEY WERE PLAYING A FAMILIAR GAME. THEN AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED. YOUR CAPTORS SPOKE.

YES, ROGER CRANBY... WE KNOW / ALL THE OTHER HUNTERS SAID THE SAME THING!

BUT YOU SEE... WE MONSTERS MUST SUSTAIN OUR WAY OF LIFE, TOO...

HUNTING IS YOUR FAVORITE SPORT... BUT WE ALSO HAVE A FAVORITE SPORT!

WE CALL IT, BOWLING!

PLEASE OBSERVE FOUL LINE

STRIKE!

THE END

NOW

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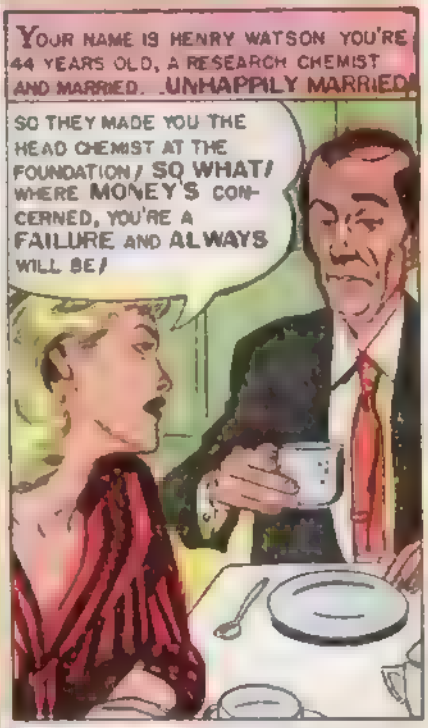
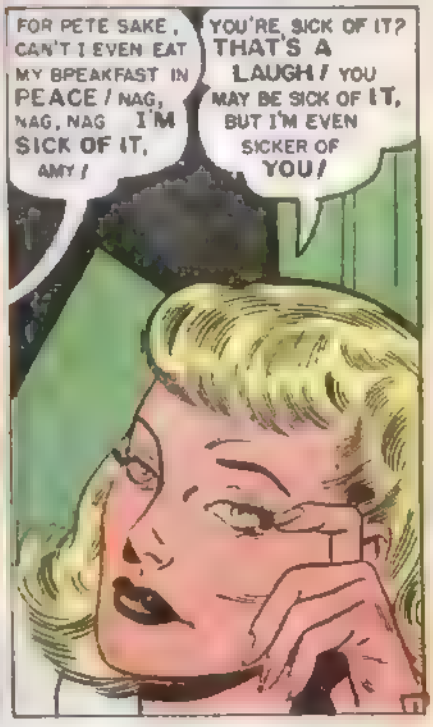
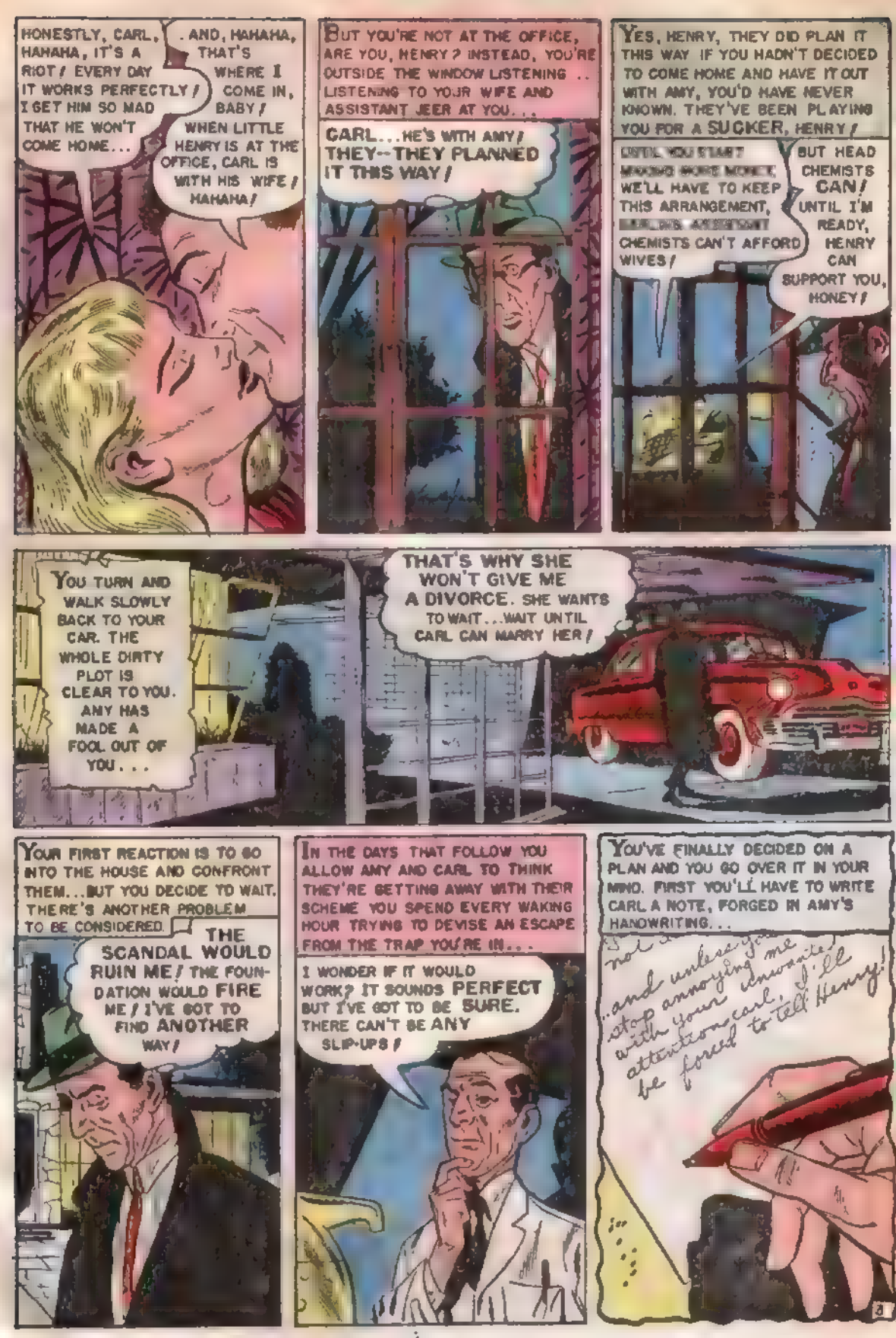
PULL UP A COFFIN AND SIT DOWN, FELLOW VAMPIRES! WE'VE GOT A JUICY MORSEL OF MADNESS AND MURDER FOR YOU THIS TIME! IT'S A TANTALIZING TALE OF TERROR WE CALL ____ ____ ____

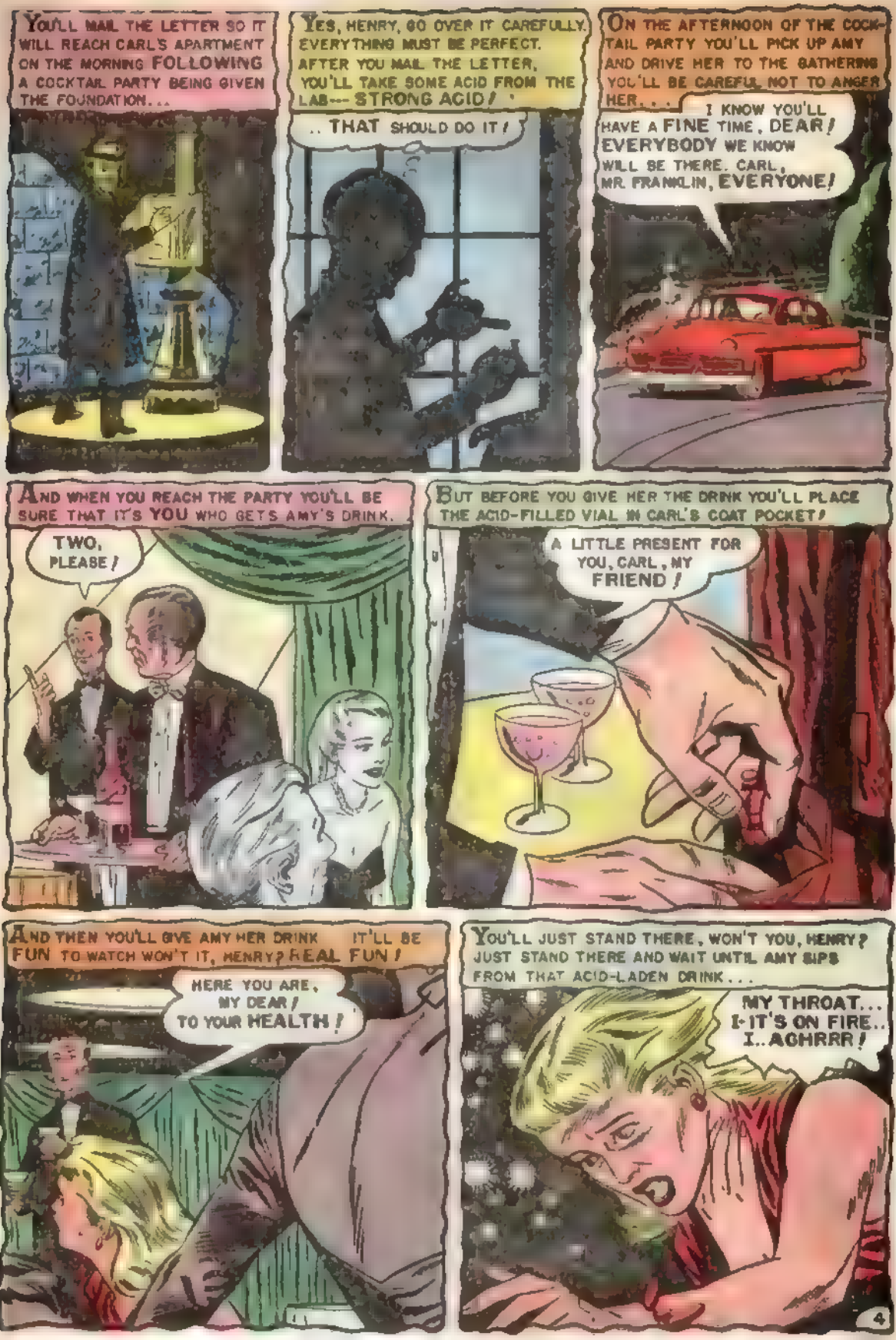
a toast to DEATH





YOUR BREAKFAST HALF-EATEN, YOU GET UP FROM THE TABLE, GRAB YOUR COAT AND HAT AND START FOR THE DOOR..
THAT'S FINE, JUST FINE! AT LAST WE AGREE NOW LET'S SEE ABOUT A DIVORCE!
THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'D LIKE, ISN'T IT, YOU LITTLE SNIVELING IDIOT? WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD
... BECAUSE I'LL NEVER DIVORCE YOU, HENRY WATSON! NEVER! YOU'LL SUPPORT ME UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE! I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO!
YOU STRIDE FROM THE HOUSE, THE RAGE WITHIN YOUR CHEST ALMOST READY TO EXPLODE YOU'D LIKE TO KILL HER, WOULDN'T YOU, HENRY?
THIS CAN'T GO ON! IT JUST CAN'T! WHY DOESN'T SHE LEAVE ME ALONE? ALL I WANT IS PEACE AND QUIET!
WHEN YOU REACH YOUR OFFICE AT THE FRANKLIN FOUNDATION, YOU'RE STILL SEETHING SHE MAKES EVERYTHING MISERABLE .. EVEN YOUR WORK
'MORNING, MR HEAD
IT WITH YOU?
LOUSY, CARL LOUSY!
AS YOU WALK OVER AND START WORKING YOU CAN'T SEE THE SLY SMILE WHICH STEALS OVER YOUR ASSISTANT'S FACE
NICE GOING, AMY YOU'RE A SMART GAL! YOU KNOW JUST HOW TO HANDLE THE OLD BOY!
NO, HENRY, YOU HAVENT THE VAGUEST INKLING THAT CARL KRUEGER AND YOUR WIFE ARE MORE THAN FRIENDLY. ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT EVERY NIGHT YOU WORK LATE RATHER THAN GO HOME AND FACE HER
WORKING LATE AGAIN TONIGHT, HENRY?
YES, I ER.. I WANT TO FINISH THIS EXPERIMENT.
BUT YOUR FEEBLE EXPLANATION DOESN'T FOOL CARL HE KNOWS WHY YOU'RE NOT GOING HOME .. IT'S ALL BEEN NEATLY ARRANGED AND A SHORT TIME LATER
DARLING, DARLING .
2


HONESTLY, CARL, HAHAHA, IT'S A RIOT! EVERY DAY IT WORKS PERFECTLY! I GET HIM SO MAD THAT HE WON'T COME HOME...
. AND, HAHAHA, THAT'S WHERE I COME IN, BABY! WHEN LITTLE HENRY IS AT THE OFFICE, CARL IS WITH HIS WIFE! HAHAHA!
BUT YOU'RE NOT AT THE OFFICE, ARE YOU, HENRY? INSTEAD, YOU'RE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW LISTENING .. LISTENING TO YOUR WIFE AND ASSISTANT JEER AT YOU...
CARL...HE'S WITH AMY! THEY--THEY PLANNED IT THIS WAY!
YES, HENRY, THEY DID PLAN IT THIS WAY IF YOU HADN'T DECIDED TO COME HOME AND HAVE IT OUT WITH AMY, YOU'D HAVE NEVER KNOWN. THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING YOU FOR A SUCKER, HENRY!
UNTIL YOU START MAKING MORE MONEY, WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP THIS ARRANGEMENT, CHEMISTS CAN'T AFFORD WIVES!
BUT HEAD CHEMISTS CAN! UNTIL I'M READY, HENRY CAN SUPPORT YOU, HONEY!
YOU TURN AND WALK SLOWLY BACK TO YOUR CAR. THE WHOLE DIRTY PLOT IS CLEAR TO YOU. AMY HAS MADE A FOOL OUT OF YOU...
THAT'S WHY SHE WON'T GIVE ME A DIVORCE. SHE WANTS TO WAIT...WAIT UNTIL CARL CAN MARRY HER!
YOUR FIRST REACTION IS TO GO INTO THE HOUSE AND CONFRONT THEM...BUT YOU DECIDE TO WAIT. THERE'S ANOTHER PROBLEM TO BE CONSIDERED.
THE SCANDAL WOULD RUIN ME! THE FOUNDATION WOULD FIRE ME! I'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW YOU ALLOW AMY AND CARL TO THINK THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH THEIR SCHEME YOU SPEND EVERY WAKING HOUR TRYING TO DEVISE AN ESCAPE FROM THE TRAP YOU'RE IN...
I WONDER IF IT WOULD WORK? IT SOUNDS PERFECT BUT I'VE GOT TO BE SURE. THERE CAN'T BE ANY SLIP-UPS!
YOU'VE FINALLY DECIDED ON A PLAN AND YOU GO OVER IT IN YOUR MIND. FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO WRITE CARL A NOTE, FORGED IN AMY'S HANDWRITING...
Dear Carl, ...and unless you stop annoying me with your unwanted attentions, I'll be forced to tell Henry!


YOU'LL MAIL THE LETTER SO IT WILL REACH CARL'S APARTMENT ON THE MORNING FOLLOWING A COCKTAIL PARTY BEING GIVEN THE FOUNDATION...
YES, HENRY, GO OVER IT CAREFULLY. EVERYTHING MUST BE PERFECT. AFTER YOU MAIL THE LETTER, YOU'LL TAKE SOME ACID FROM THE LAB--- STRONG ACID!
..THAT SHOULD DO IT!
ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY YOU'LL PICK UP AMY AND DRIVE HER TO THE GATHERING YOU'LL BE CAREFUL NOT TO ANGER HER...
I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME, DEAR! EVERYBODY WE KNOW WILL BE THERE. CARL, MR. FRANKLIN, EVERYONE!
AND WHEN YOU REACH THE PARTY YOU'LL BE SURE THAT IT'S YOU WHO GETS AMY'S DRINK.
TWO, PLEASE!
BUT BEFORE YOU GIVE HER THE DRINK YOU'LL PLACE THE ACID-FILLED VIAL IN CARL'S COAT POCKET!
A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, CARL, MY FRIEND!
AND THEN YOU'LL GIVE AMY HER DRINK IT'LL BE FUN TO WATCH WON'T IT, HENRY? REAL FUN!
HERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR! TO YOUR HEALTH!
YOU'LL JUST STAND THERE, WON'T YOU, HENRY? JUST STAND THERE AND WAIT UNTIL AMY SIPS FROM THAT ACID-LADEN DRINK...
MY THROAT... I-IT'S ON FIRE.. I..AGHRRR!
4

YOU KNOW YOU'LL HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH SOME TOUGH QUESTIONING BY THE POLICE...BUT, IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL THEY FIND OUT THE "TRUTH", WILL IT, HENRY?
NOW, QUIT STALLING, MR.! WE WANT AN ANSWER! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER AND...
HOLD IT, RYAN! IT'S PRACTICALLY OVER! WE GOT SOME REAL EVIDENCE THIS MORNING!
THE POLICE WILL FIGURE IT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT, WON'T THEY HENRY?
...AND THEN WE FOUND THIS LETTER AT HIS PLACE! HE [illegible] A PLAY FOR HER AND THEN HE GOT AFRAID SHE'D TELL HER HUSBAND!
YES, THAT WILL BE YOUR REVENGE HENRY. CARL WILL PAY FOR AMY'S DEATH!
I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T...I DIDN'T! YOU C-CAN'T KILL ME, I'M INNOCENT!
YEAH, SURE BUDDY! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!
YOU GO OVER THE PLAN FOR THE LAST TIME AND YOU'RE SATISFIED. IT'S PERFECT! THE PERFECT MURDER!
I'LL SHOW THEM. NOBODY MAKES A FOOL OF ME!
IT'S FIVE DAYS LATER NOW AND EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF. YOU'VE MAILED THE LETTER TO CARL AND NOW YOU AND AMY ARE ON YOUR WAY TO THE COCKTAIL PARTY...
I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME, MY DEAR! EVERYBODY WE KNOW WILL BE THERE CARL, MR. FRANKLIN, EVERYONE!
I'VE NEVER HAD A GOOD TIME BEFORE! WHY SHOULD I NOW?
BUT INSTEAD OF GETTING ANGRY AT AMY'S SULLEN REPLY, YOU KEEP ON SMILING. YOU CAN'T AFFORD ANGER, EVERYTHING MUST RUN SMOOTHLY...
JUST THE PEOPLE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. WATSON. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?
FINE! FINE!
YOU AND CARL AND AMY STAND TALKING AND THEN, ACCORDING TO THE PLAN, YOU GO FOR THE DRINKS...
TWO, PLEASE
THE IDIOTS! THEY REALLY THINK THEY'RE [illegible] WITH THEIR LITTLE ACT!
5

YES, EVERYTHING IS GOING JUST RIGHT .. BEFORE RETURNING WITH THE DRINKS YOU MAKE THE SCHEDULED STOP AT THE COAT ROOM...
FORTY DROPS... THAT'S ENOUGH TO KILL A HORSE! AND NOW, CARL, MY FRIEND, A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!
NO ONE HAS OBSERVED YOUR MOVEMENTS AND AS YOU TAKE AMY HER DRINK, YOU KNOW YOU'RE SAFE!
HERE YOU ARE, DEAR! TO YOUR HEALTH!
WHERE DID YOU HAVE TO GO FOR IT? SOUTH AFRICA? YOU'VE BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES!
YOU DON'T EVEN BOTHER TO ANSWER HER YOU JUST STAND THERE, ALMOST IN A DREAM, WAITING WAITING...
EVEN A SIMPLE THING LIKE GETTING A DRINK YOU CAN'T DO! YOU'RE NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING, HENRY WATSON!
YOU'RE SO PREOCCUPIED THAT HER RASPING VOICE COMES THROUGH ALMOST IN A FOG...
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME, YOU LITTLE COWARD! DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE A ZOMBIE!
YOU IGNORE THE WILD RAGE ON HER FACE AS YOU SEE HER PICK UP THE GLASS..
YOU MAKE ME SICK... SICK!
THAT'S RIGHT, AMY, PICK IT UP... DRINK IT!
BUT SHE DOESN'T DRINK IT, DOES SHE, HENRY? INSTEAD OF DRINKING IT, SHE THROWS IT .. AND THE DEADLY
MAYBE THIS WILL GET AN ANSWER OUT OF YOU!
NO, DON'T PLE.... AEIIIIII!
NO, YOUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK, DID IT, HENRY? IT FAILED. FAILED MISERABLY! AND YOU PAID THE PRICE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, STAY IN YOUR ROOM, HENRY! YOU'RE REVOLTING!
YES, DEAR
YOU'RE TRAPPED, HENRY! TRAPPED FOREVER!
THE END

THE SMILING CORPSE

by ELLEN LYNN

IT WAS a sizzling hot day. The sun beat down its heat waves on the colored Mexican cliffs. Pete and I were stripped to the waist and our skin glistened with rivers of perspiration. We laid aside our tools ready to call it a day when Pete suddenly yelled—"Ben, look! Look there!" I wheeled around, and there in the open seam of the mountainside was a gleaming white vein. We both stood transfixed, then we rushed over and feverishly started to examine the deposit which our pickaxes had uncovered.

I turned to Pete. "Is it—is it . . .?" I asked unbelievingly.

He nodded, tongue-tied. Finally, "Yes, it's *uranium!* Ben, we've found rich deposits of uranium!"

This is what we were prospecting for—my pal and I. I should have been elated over our find. But the same old emotions I had always felt reared up and spoiled the feeling of conquest.

The truth was, I never liked Pete Lawrence. I'll admit it. I was jealous of him. In school, when I was the football star, he was the most popular fellow during the whole four years. He was short and skinny. I was the athletic type—and yet all the girls went for his piano playing and his poetry. I could never understand it.

What was even stranger, he and I were always buddies. He was president of the student organization and I tagged along with him—it made me feel important. But it also made me boil inside—Why should the football hero tag after a mere bookworm? It should be the other way around.

"Won't Joyce be excited," Pete was saying, adding a bitter sting to my already acid thoughts. Joyce! The only girl I ever loved—and she went for Pete. I had introduced them at a dance, never dreaming she'd prefer a little guy like him to a he-man like myself. She used to go for me, until Pete came along. If only I hadn't introduced them! How many times I thought about that! But what was the use now? They were completely "gone" on each other.

There he was, busily snapping away at the shutter. Taking pictures at every angle, making me take the camera to get a shot of him. So excited! He was going to be rich. And he was going back to marry Joyce! No, no! If I had more time I might win her back.

Pete was thrusting me back, back. "Hey, Ben, wake up! Are you dreaming about our rich future? Stand back there, will you? Next to the deposit. I'll take a picture of you discovering the uranium. Hahaha! We can all show it to our grandchildren some day." He snapped several pictures.

As I stood there I saw Ben backing up toward the edge of the cliff, a 3,000 foot drop. My breathing stopped. He was going to back up and fall over! In another step! My God—that would be the solution! I'd have the whole uranium deposit to myself—and Joyce, too.

No such luck. He stopped. "Stay where you are," he commanded me. "Why are you walking so close to me? I also want your picture next to the—next to—Ben, what's the matter?"

I could see horror in his eyes as I moved closer, closer. He glanced back over his shoulder at the sheer drop behind him. "Ben, Ben, you're pushing me—I'll be killed," he panted.

My arm steeled itself and with one heave, I pushed him over the cliff. A great sense of relief filled me. At last, after all these years, I was rid of him. Now I must think clearly how to cover up the murder.

First, I removed the negative from the camera, then I hurled it and the camera itself after the owner. By the time it was found, if at all, the negative would be ruined. Gathering up all our equipment, I quickly descended the mountain. I would return later in the week—and claim the uranium deposit for myself.

As I had planned, I got back to the hotel unnoticed by anyone. Inside my room, under the door, was a telephone message addressed to Pete. I opened it. It was from Joyce expressing concern at not having heard from him. I smiled happily.

The next morning I phoned Joyce. She became frantic when I said, "But Pete went to spend the past week with you, Joyce. Hasn't he been there at all?"

"Why, no! Ben—he told me he was going on a prospecting trip and would be gone quite a while! Something must have happened! Ben, I'll leave here at once. Oh—try to find him!"

When Joyce arrived, a searching party was organized to find my missing friend, Pete. I helped in the arrangements, my solemn countenance merely a mask to conceal the elation I felt at Joyce's nearness to me. In a few days, when she got used to the idea that Pete was dead, I'd go back to make my claim and then I'd return to Joyce—and win her for myself.

We were riding in a jeep, my arm comforting her. I noticed the cars ahead were stopping not too far from the base of the cliff where my claim was. I sat erect, somewhat relieved when the searching party set out in an opposite direction to the fatal spot. Joyce was mumbling something. "What did you say, Joyce?" I asked gently.

"I just said that I gave Pete a new camera which he must have taken along. It isn't in his room—I looked for it." Joyce was silent a moment and then her next words froze my blood. "If we could find that camera, it might tell us a story. You know, it was a self-developer."

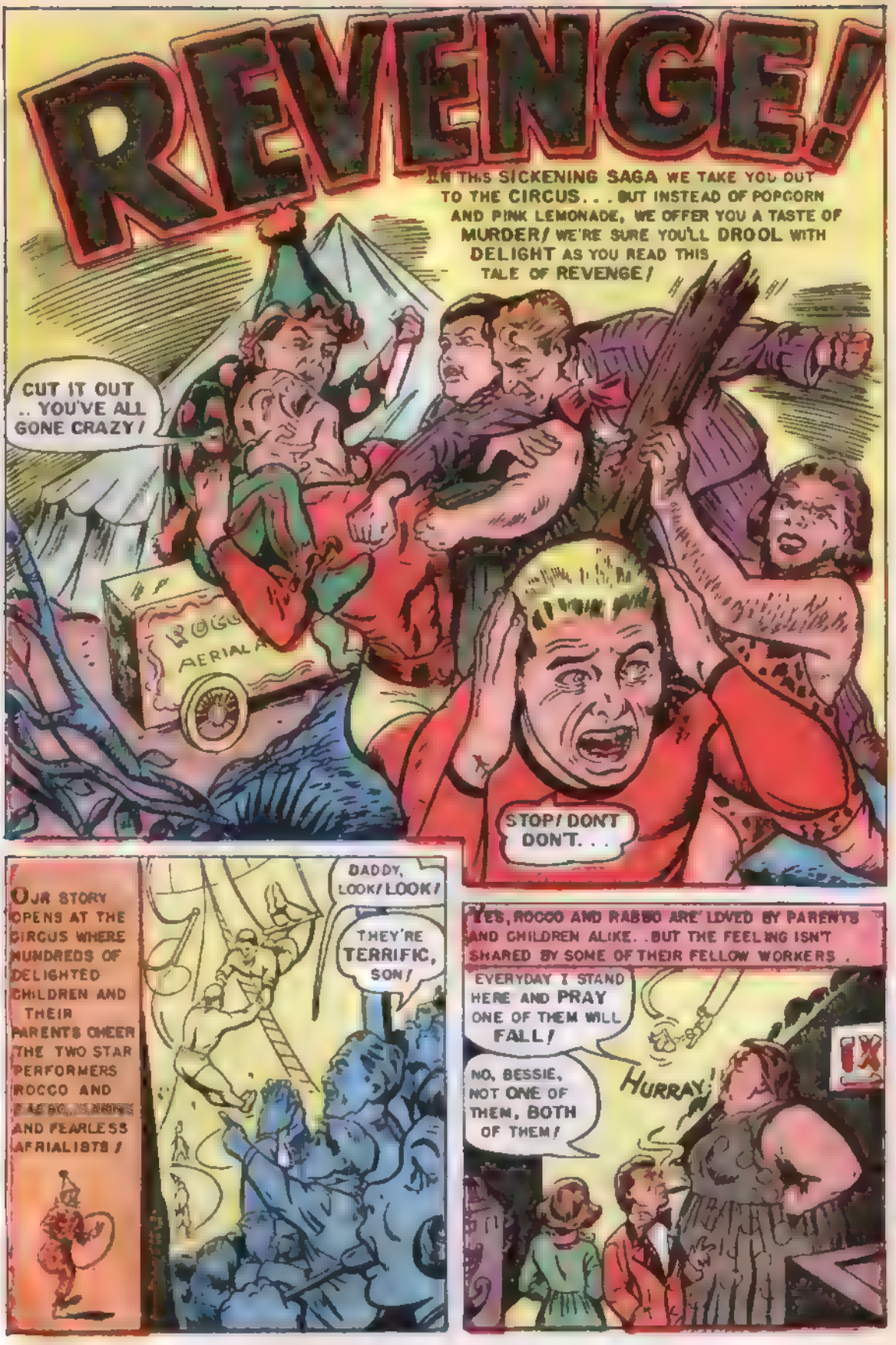
A self-developer! Then my picture would be developed and the searchers might find it. They'd know I was with him—that I was his murderer! I must find the camera and the developed pictures.

"Joyce, I'm going to help the searchers find Pete—but I'll go in a different direction," I explained to her, and I hurried up the mountainside toward the uranium deposit.

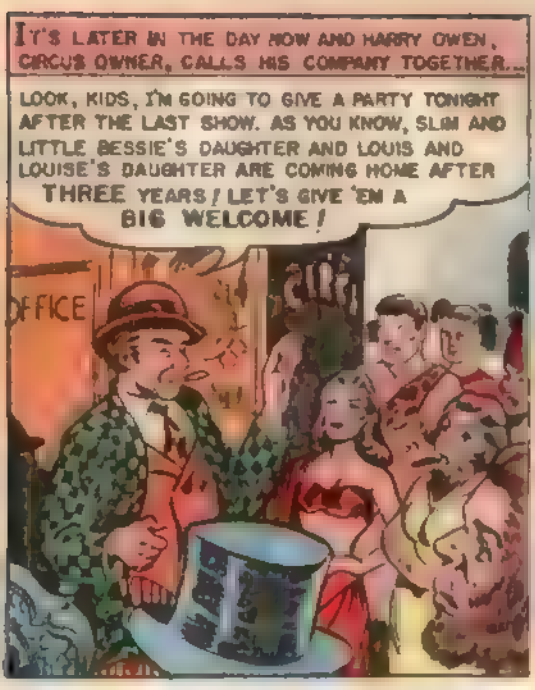
Never had I climbed as I did then. My fingers were torn and bleeding, my clothes ripped, but up, up I went. When I reached the top, I fell flat on my belly and looked over the edge of the cliff. I could make out a man's form sprawled out on a ledge about five hundred feet below. More carefully I made my way down the steep side. As I neared the body, I could make out Pete's face, bloody, disfigured, half-gone. Near his head was the camera and the films. I breathed a sigh of relief. But how was I to get it? The ledge was narrow and Pete's body was sprawled in such a way that it blocked my passage. Perhaps if I could hang on to the overhanging ledge and swing, arm over arm, I could get to the other side of the body and get the photographs. I'd make sure to destroy all the pictures this time. It was just a short distance across his body. I jumped and grabbed hold of the narrow protruding ledge, then I started to swing—trying to avoid looking down at the nothingness of space around me, thousands of feet down to terra firma. Five more swings, I estimated, and I'll have passed Pete's body—*What was that?* Was I having a brainstorm, or did Pete really move? His eyes—the lids fluttered! His lips—what was left of them—started to smile at me! T-two—more—swings! One! I was at the other side. I dropped down and started to reach for the pictures, my eyes glued on Pete's form. Slowly, it raised up, to a sitting position. I jumped back—and felt myself whirling in space, the wind tearing at my lungs.

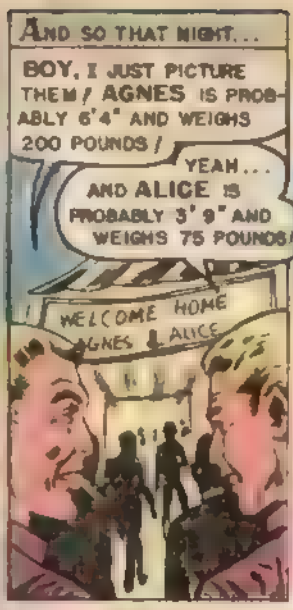
They picked up my battered body and brought me dying to the hospital. Joyce and some doctors were standing at my bedside and I heard them talking:

Joyce said, "Ben found Pete's body—and there was the camera beside him. B-but—the pictures were ruined, so we have no record of what Pete was doing on that cliff—or what had happened." Everything was going black—black . . .


REVENGE!
IN THIS SICKENING SAGA WE TAKE YOU OUT TO THE CIRCUS... BUT INSTEAD OF POPCORN AND PINK LEMONADE, WE OFFER YOU A TASTE OF MURDER! WE'RE SURE YOU'LL DROOL WITH DELIGHT AS YOU READ THIS TALE OF REVENGE!
CUT IT OUT .. YOU'VE ALL GONE CRAZY!
STOP! DON'T DON'T...
OUR STORY OPENS AT THE CIRCUS WHERE HUNDREDS OF DELIGHTED CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS CHEER THE TWO STAR PERFORMERS ROCCO AND [illegible] AND FEARLESS AERIALISTS!
DADDY, LOOK! LOOK!
THEY'RE TERRIFIC, SON!
YES, ROCCO AND RABBO ARE LOVED BY PARENTS AND CHILDREN ALIKE. . BUT THE FEELING ISN'T SHARED BY SOME OF THEIR FELLOW WORKERS.
EVERYDAY I STAND HERE AND PRAY ONE OF THEM WILL FALL!
NO, BESSIE, NOT ONE OF THEM, BOTH OF THEM!
HURRAY!

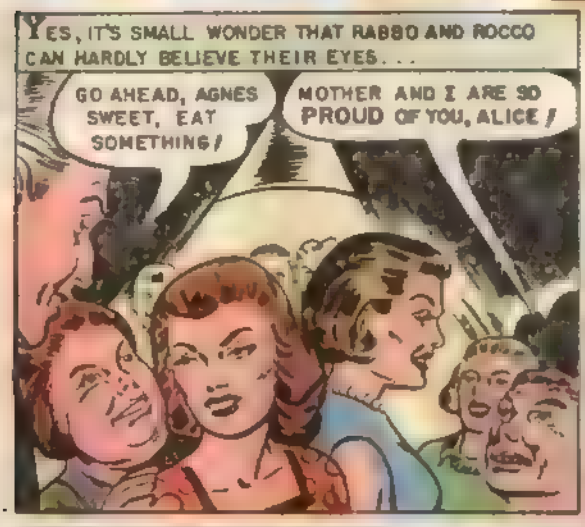
NO, ROCCO AND RABBO ARE NOT LIKED BY ONE PARTICULAR BRANCH OF THE CIRCUS THE FREAKS! FOR YEARS THE TWO AERIALISTS HAVE MADE THE "STRANGE ONES" HATE THEM!
C'MON, JUNIOR, GET OUT OF THE WAY AND MAKE ROOM FOR A MAN!
CUT IT OUT, YOU UGHHH!
YOU TWO MAKE ME SICK! SOMEDAY YOU'LL PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE AND..
HOW ABOUT RIGHT NOW, LITTLE BESSIE? YOU'RE MY SIZE.. IN FACT, YOU'RE TWICE MY SIZE!
HAHAHAHA! THAT'S A RIOT!
TAKE IT EASY, HONEY. DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM!
HAHAHA! YEAH, DID YOU GET A LOOK AT THAT FAT FACE? HAHAHA!
BUT IT'S HARD FOR THE FREAKS TO IGNORE THE NEVER-ENDING INSULTS AND JIBES OF ROCCO AND RABBO IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE JOIN THE "HAPPY" GROUP AGAIN...
HURRY IT UP, YOU TWO. THE CAB'S OUT IN FRONT!
WE'RE COMING, RIGHT NOW LOUISE IS JUST PUTTING ON HER HAT.
BUT AS THE ODDLY-ASSORTED FOURSOME STARTS ON THEIR WAY...
OH, LOUIS, I CAN HARDLY WAIT! IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS, THREE..
WELL, WELL, ISN'T THAT A PRETTY SIGHT! FREAKS ON PARADE!
YEAH! WHERE YOU GOING, GOON SQUAD?
IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, ROC..
WHEN I ASK YOU A QUESTION, YOU ANSWER ME, BEAN-POLE! 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL TWIST YOU INTO A PRETZEL!
LEAVE HIM ALONE! WE'RE GOING TO MEET OUR DAUGHTERS! THEY'VE BEEN AWAY AT SCHOOL!
THE THOUGHT OF THE TWO FREAK COUPLES, LOUIS AND LOUISE, AND SLIM AND LITTLE BESSIE, HAVING CHILDREN SENDS ROCCO AND RABBO INTO CONVULSIONS OF LAUGHTER!
DAUGHTERS! HAHAHAHAHA! OH, NO NO! HAHAHA!
CAN YOU IMAGINE--- HAHAHAHAHA— WHAT THEY'LL LOOK LIKE? HAHAHA!
2

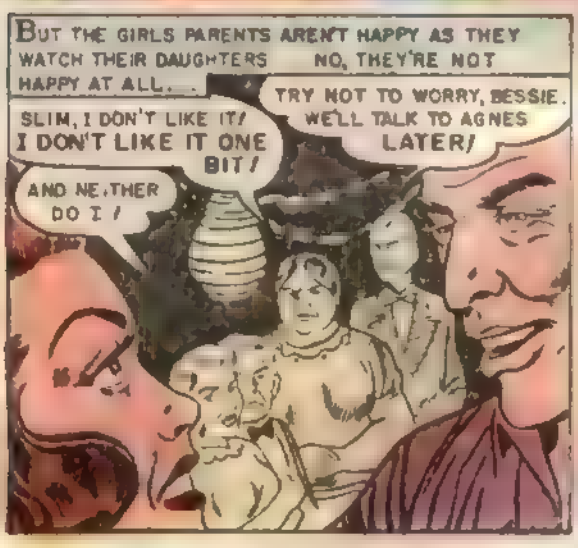

IT'S LATER IN THE DAY NOW AND HARRY OWEN, CIRCUS OWNER, CALLS HIS COMPANY TOGETHER...
LOOK, KIDS, I'M GOING TO GIVE A PARTY TONIGHT AFTER THE LAST SHOW. AS YOU KNOW, SLIM AND LITTLE BESSIE'S DAUGHTER AND LOUIS AND LOUISE'S DAUGHTER ARE COMING HOME AFTER THREE YEARS / LET'S GIVE 'EM A BIG WELCOME!
OFFICE

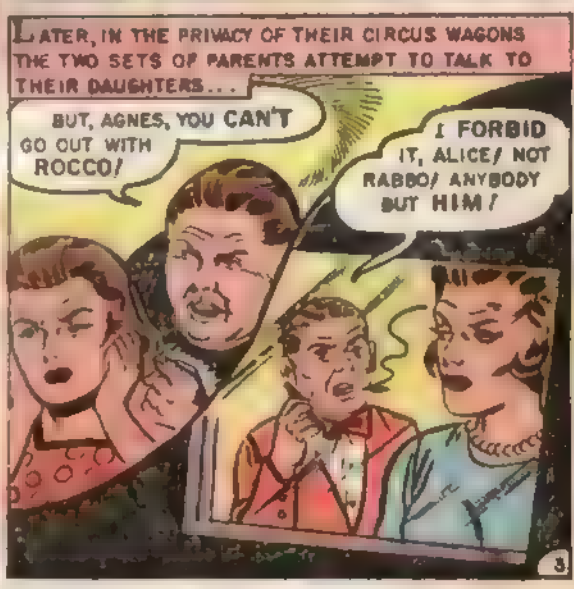

AND SO THAT NIGHT...
BOY, I JUST PICTURE THEM / AGNES IS PROBABLY 6'4" AND WEIGHS 200 POUNDS /
YEAH... AND ALICE IS PROBABLY 3' 9" AND WEIGHS 75 POUNDS!
WELCOME HOME AGNES & ALICE

BUT WHEN THE TWO BULLIES GET INSIDE...
HOLY COW? DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
Y-YEAH... BUT WE MUST BE GOING NUTTY!

THE PARTY CONTINUES UNTIL THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING... AND ROCCO AND RABBO MAKE THE BEST OF IT...
HEY, BABY, YOU'RE THE GAL FOR ME? YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED AWAY SO LONG!
ANGEL, YOU'RE A LIVING DREAM!


YES, IT'S SMALL WONDER THAT RABBO AND ROCCO CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES...
GO AHEAD, AGNES SWEET, EAT SOMETHING!
MOTHER AND I ARE SO PROUD OF YOU, ALICE!


BUT THE GIRLS PARENTS AREN'T HAPPY AS THEY WATCH THEIR DAUGHTERS
NO, THEY'RE NOT HAPPY AT ALL...
SLIM, I DON'T LIKE IT! I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!
TRY NOT TO WORRY, BESSIE. WE'LL TALK TO AGNES LATER!
AND NEITHER DO I!


LATER, IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR CIRCUS WAGONS THE TWO SETS OF PARENTS ATTEMPT TO TALK TO THEIR DAUGHTERS...
BUT, AGNES, YOU CAN'T GO OUT WITH ROCCO!
I FORBID IT, ALICE! NOT RABBO! ANYBODY BUT HIM!

BUT BOTH GIRLS REFUSE TO LISTEN . .
OH, MOTHER, YOU'RE BEING FOOLISH! ROCCO IS AN ANGEL!
I'M SORRY, DAD, BUT I'M GOING TO SEE RABBO! YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM! HE'S REALLY WONDERFUL!
AND NOTHING THEIR MOTHERS OR FATHERS SAY MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO ALICE OR AGNES! AS THE DAYS PASS THEY THRILL TO THEIR NEW LOVES
OH, ALICE, LOOK AT THEM! AREN'T THEY MARVELOUS!
WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!
EVERY NIGHT THE TWO GIRLS DATE THE TWO AERIALISTS . . .
RABBO...RABBO, DARLING!
ROCCO. . . ROCCO. . .
LIL BESS & SLIM
. . . AND EVERY NIGHT SLIM AND BESSIE AND LOUIS AND LOUISE SIT AND WORRY. . .
I KNOW THOSE TWO, LOUISE! THEY'RE DEVILS... DEVILS!
WE'VE GOT TO PRAY FOR THE BEST, LITTLE BESSIE. MAYBE... MAYBE ROCCO AND RABBO HAVE CHANGED!
HAVE THE TWINS CHANGED? LET'S SEE... WE'LL JOIN THEM AS THEY WALK TO THEIR OWN WAGON AFTER A DATE WITH ALICE AND AGNES. . .
AREN'T THEY A SCREAM? THEY RE NUTS ABOUT US!
THEY'RE NUTS PERIOD ...BUT WHAT THE HECK, UNTIL SOMETHING BETTER COMES ALONG, THEY'LL DO!
SURE... AND WHEN SOMETHING BETTER DOES SHOW UP, GOOD-BYE, AGNES!
AND SO LONG, ALICE!
EVEN THOUGH THE AERIALISTS ARE DATING AGNES AND ALICE, THEY MAKE NO PRETENSES OF FRIENDLINESS TO THE FREAKS
UGH! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN BE A FREAK!
YEAH, THEY'RE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME VOMIT!

EVEN THE OBVIOUS CRUELTIES OF THEIR BOYFRIENDS DO NOT SWAY AGNES AND ALICE.. THEY REFUSE TO SEE OR HEAR.
THERE, DID YOU HEAR WHAT YOUR FINE SWEETHEARTS HAD TO SAY?
OH, MOTHER, DON'T BE SO EMOTIONAL THEY WERE JUST TEASING!
YES, LOVE IS BLIND AND LATER THAT NIGHT ROCCO AND RABBO ARE BLIND... BLIND DRUNK!
YESSIR, (HIC) NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE (HIC) DRINKIE!
HURRY UP, YA PIG, (HIC) LET SOMEBODY ELSE HAVE A CHANCE
AND AS THE DRUNKEN TWINS PASS THE MIDGET'S WAGON...
WELL, (HIC) LOOK WHO'S SITTING ON THE STEPS.. LITTLE LOUIS, HIMSELF!
PLEASE, BOYS, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU / COME FOR A WALK WITH ME!
OH, HE GOES THROUGH THE AIR (HIC) WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE... DA DE DUM
NO, LOUIE, INSTEAD OF YOU (HIC) WALKING .HOW ABOUT (HIC) RIDING!
WAIT, DON'T PUT ME DOWN!
ROCCO AND RABBO TAKE THE MIDGET TO THEIR WAGON WHERE HE PROCEEDS TO MAKE THEM AN OFFER
$5,000! IT'S ALL THE MONEY I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD! BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU IF YOU'LL LEAVE THE GIRLS ALONE!
LEAVE THEM ALONE! HAHAHA! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! WE WERE JUST GETTING BORED WITH THEM ANYWAY!
HAHAHA! GETTING PAID TO GET THOSE DIZZY DAMES OFF OUR NECKS! HAHAHA!
WHY, YOU LOWDOWN STINKING DOGS! HOW DARE YOU TALK ABOUT MY DAUGHTER THAT WAY! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU!
CUT IT OUT, SMALL FRY, YOU'RE MAKING ME SICK WITH LAUGHTER!

THE MORE THE TWINS LAUGH, THE ANGRIER LITTLE LOUIE BECOMES UNTIL FINALLY . .
YOU GREAT, BIG STUPID MORONS! I . . .
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, BEAN BRAIN, AND YOU'RE GOING TO FIND IT!
SUDDENLY THE DRUNKEN ROCCO LOSES HIS TEMPER AND GRABS UP THE MIDGET . .
FREAKS! YOU MAKE ME SICK . . . ALL OF YOU!
YOU TELL 'IM, BROTHER! TELL HIM!
ROCCO AND RABBO LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER IN STUNNED SHOCK! LOUIS IN DEAD . . . THEY'VE KILLED HIM!
ROCCO SPINS LOUIS AROUND AND AROUND . . . AND THEN IN ONE LAST ANGRY DRUNKEN FRENZY . . .
THERE, YOU DIRTY LITTLE FREAK!
HAHAHA!
STOP! DON'T . . . AEIIIII!
LOUIS'S TINY BODY SMASHES AGAINST THE WALL WITH A RESOUNDING THUD . . . AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE . . .
HEY HE ISN'T MOVING!
NO . . . HE HE'S DEAD!
W-WHAT'LL WE DO? WE . . . GOTTA GET RID OF THE BODY?
TAKE IT EASY. WE GOTTA KEEP CALM! HEY . . WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!
MINUTES LATER TWO FIGURES LEAVE WAGON CARRYING A CRUMPLED BUNDLE . . .
OKAY, ALL'S CLEAR. C'MON!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, RABBO! A REAL GENIUS!
ALL IS SILENT ON THE CIRCUS GROUNDS AND NO ONE HEARS AS A CAGE DOOR IS QUIETLY OPENED AND A SMALL BUNDLE THROWN INSIDE

THERE IS A SCREAM OF HORROR AT SIX O'CLOCK ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS THE BODY OF THE MIDGET IS DISCOVERED
O-OH, MY GOD! NO NO!
PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE AND BY EVENING THE POLICE HAVE CONDUCTED A THOROUGH BUT UNREWARDING, INVESTIGATION..
IT HAD TO BE AN ACCIDENT, MA'AM. THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY DIRTY WORK! MAYBE HE WAS . WAS DRINKING AND ACCIDENTLY WANDERED INTO THE CASE?
NO . (SOB) H-HE NEVER DRANK! OH, LOUIS, MY POOR (SOB) LOUIS!
THAT NIGHT ALL THE FREAKS GATHER IN FRONT OF THE MIDGETS WAGON AND TRY TO CONSOLE LOUISE. .
TRY TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, DEAR
AND WHERE WERE YOU TWO LAST NIGHT?
GET A LOAD OF WHO'S ASKING THE QUESTIONS? YOU LOOKING FOR THE SAME THING LOUIE GOT, SLIM?
THE TWO AERIALISTS CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY BUT FREAKS STARE AT ONE ANOTHER SILENTLY THEY NEED NO DEFINITE PROOF . .THEY KNOW WHO KILLED LOUIE!
LET'S GET 'EM! THEY DID IT! I KNOW THEY DID!
SURE THEY DID! THE LOUSY X•9!% DOGS!
C'MON, AFTER THEM!
THE ENRAGED FREAKS CATCH UP WITH ROCCO AND RABBO NEAR A DESERTED LOT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...
HEY, WHAT ARE ALL OF YOU DOING HERE?
YOU AND YOUR FILTHY BROTHER KILLED LITTLE LOUIE ROCCO.. AND WE'RE GOING TO EVEN THE SCORE!
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU
STOP! NO DON'T AGHHHRR!
YOU'VE BULLIED US FOR YEARS ..MADE FOOLS OF US..CALLED US DIRTY FREAKS BUT THE TABLES ARE TURNED NOW!
ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE CIRCUS OWNER FINDS A NEW MEMBER OF THE CIRCUS WAITING ON HIS DOORSTEP THE SEWING IS A LITTLE CROOKED, THE FACES A LITTLE MESSED UP, BUT THERE IS NO DOUBT AS TO WHAT THE NEW MEMBER IS..A FREAK. .A TWO HEADED MAN!
THE END

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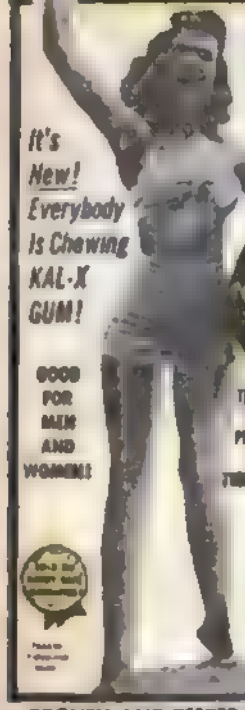
DON'T BE FAT!



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GOOD FOR MEN AND WOMEN!

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THIS IS IT!

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"IT REALLY DID THE JOB!"
Tried to many others and was almost ready to give up. Thanks again to KAL-X. [illegible]

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
Since chewing KAL-X [illegible]

"LOST 21 POUNDS ALREADY"
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"LOST 18 POUNDS ON THE FIRST BOX"
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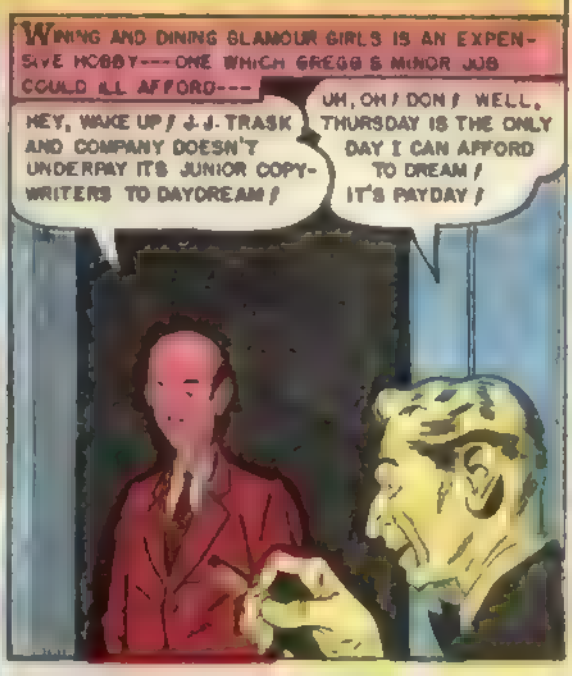
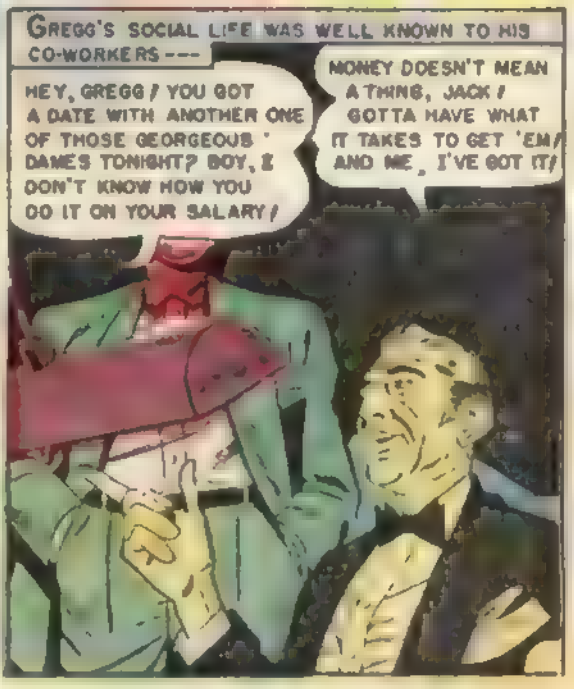
GREGG CARLTON WAS QUITE A LADY KILLER . . . ON A SMALL SCALE . . . BUT HE HAD HIS EYE ON THE BIG TIME . . . HE FANCIED HIMSELF A DASHING SPENDTHRIFT BESIEGED BY BEVIES OF HIGH CLASS DOLLS . . . AS A MATTER OF FACT YOU MIGHT HAVE CALLED GREGG---

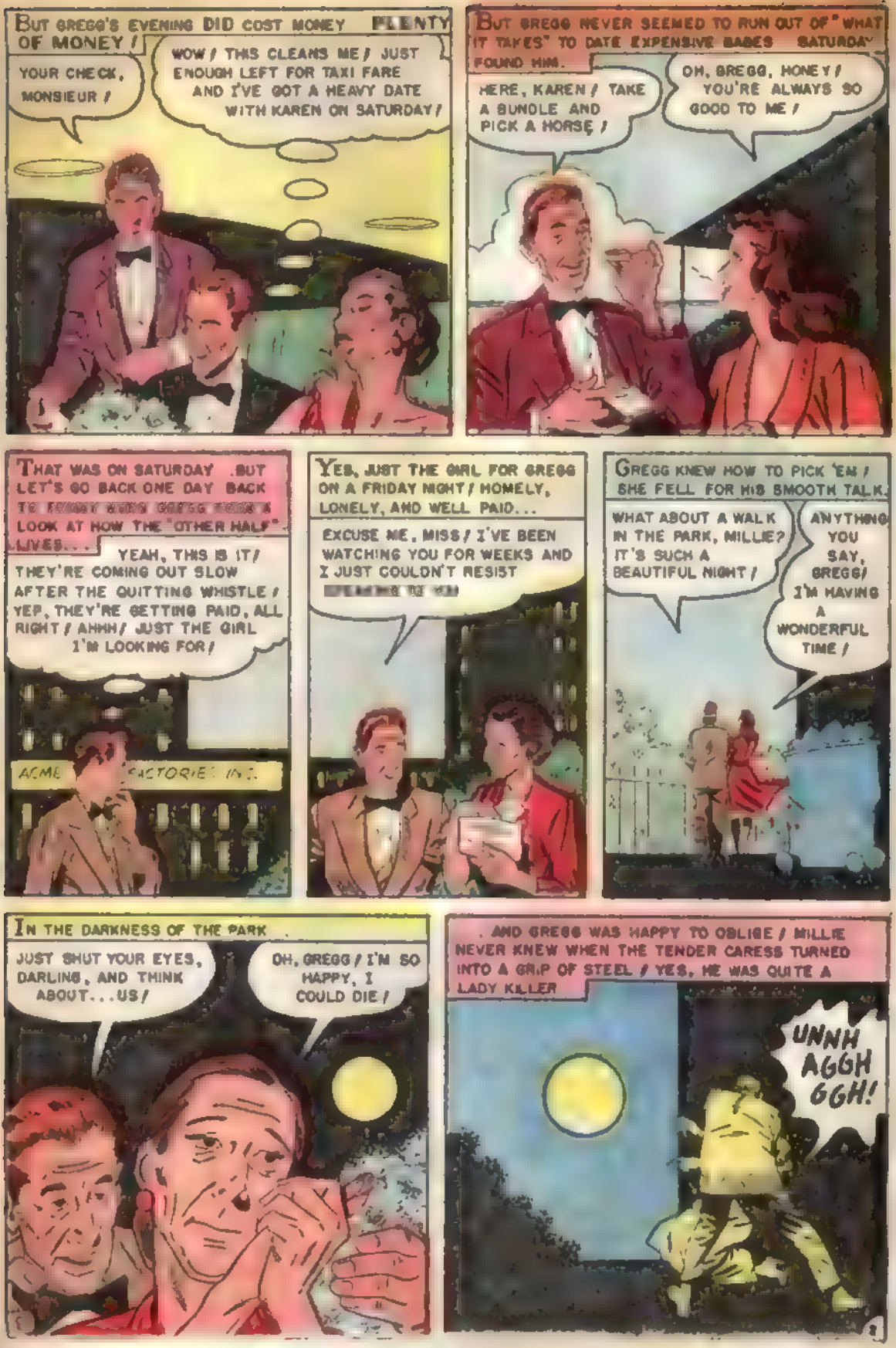
GHOUL CRAZY

WINING AND DINING GLAMOUR GIRLS IS AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY---ONE WHICH GREGG'S MINOR JOB COULD ILL AFFORD---



GREGG'S SOCIAL LIFE WAS WELL KNOWN TO HIS CO-WORKERS---




BUT GREGG'S EVENING DID COST MONEY PLENTY OF MONEY!
YOUR CHECK, MONSIEUR!
WOW! THIS CLEANS ME! JUST ENOUGH LEFT FOR TAXI FARE AND I'VE GOT A HEAVY DATE WITH KAREN ON SATURDAY!
BUT GREGG NEVER SEEMED TO RUN OUT OF "WHAT IT TAKES" TO DATE EXPENSIVE BABES SATURDAY FOUND HIM.
HERE, KAREN! TAKE A BUNDLE AND PICK A HORSE!
OH, GREGG, HONEY! YOU'RE ALWAYS SO GOOD TO ME!
THAT WAS ON SATURDAY. BUT LET'S GO BACK ONE DAY BACK TO FRIDAY WHEN GREGG TOOK A LOOK AT HOW THE "OTHER HALF" LIVES...
YEAH, THIS IS IT! THEY'RE COMING OUT SLOW AFTER THE QUITTING WHISTLE! YEP, THEY'RE GETTING PAID, ALL RIGHT! AHHH! JUST THE GIRL I'M LOOKING FOR!
ACME FACTORIES INC.
YES, JUST THE GIRL FOR GREGG ON A FRIDAY NIGHT! HOMELY, LONELY, AND WELL PAID...
EXCUSE ME, MISS! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR WEEKS AND I JUST COULDN'T RESIST [illegible]
GREGG KNEW HOW TO PICK 'EM! SHE FELL FOR HIS SMOOTH TALK.
WHAT ABOUT A WALK IN THE PARK, MILLIE? IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, GREGG! I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME!
IN THE DARKNESS OF THE PARK
JUST SHUT YOUR EYES, DARLING, AND THINK ABOUT...US!
OH, GREGG! I'M SO HAPPY, I COULD DIE!
. AND GREGG WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE! MILLIE NEVER KNEW WHEN THE TENDER CARESS TURNED INTO A GRIP OF STEEL! YES, HE WAS QUITE A LADY KILLER
UNNH AGGH GGH!

WELL, WELL, HOW SWEET OF YOU, MILLIE--OVER TWO HUNDRED BUCKS / WERE YOU SAVING IT FOR ME, SWEETHEART?
GREGG WENT ON A SPREE WITH MILLIE'S MONEY AND THREE DAYS LATER. . .
. SUSPECT THE MURDERS ARE THE WORK OF A MANIAC/ THOSE IDIOTS / I'M NO CRACK-POT—I'M A REAL SMART BOY/
BRRRING
AND WHEN GREGG PICKED UP THE PHONE HE HEARD---
GREGG, DARLING / HAVE YOU MISSED YOUR LITTLE CAROL? YES, I JUST GOT INTO TOWN / .. WELL, I'M BUSY TONIGHT, DEAR, BUT I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU TOMORROW/...
NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? HAVEN'T GOT A DIME AND CAROL WILL EXPECT A BIG NIGHT/ GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING...
HI, WHAT ARE YOU SO GLUM ABOUT / THINGS CAN'T BE THAT BAD/
UH, HELLO, GINNY /
GREGG HAD A TOUGH PROBLEM / HE WAS FIGURING ANGLES SO HARD HE ALMOST DIDN'T HEAR WHAT GINNY SAID..
SO MY INCOME TAX REFUND CAME TODAY/ ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE DOLLARS/ I CASHED IT THIS MORNING/ NOT BAD, EH?
HUH? HEY, THAT'S GREAT/ SAY, WHY DON'T WE CELEBRATE TONIGHT /
IT WAS TOO EASY/ THE MOVIES AND THEN THE WALK IN THE PARK . . . EVERYTHING WAS GOING ACCORDING TO GREGG'S SCHEDULE. . .
HOW HAVE I BEEN SO BLIND TO YOU, GINNY? YOU'RE TERRIFIC/
ISN'T IT FUNNY, GREGG? BEING TOGETHER IN THE OFFICE ALL THIS TIME AND REALLY KNOWING EACH OTHER/
GREGG / STOP IT / YOU--YOU'RE THE STRANGLER . . AAGGHHH. . .

HOPE NOBODY HEARD HER—I'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE FAST!
BADLY SHAKEN, GREGG FLED! BUT NOT FAR FROM HIS MURDER NOOK...
GOT A LIGHT, HANDSOME?
OH, COME ON, HANDSOME, YOU CAN'T BE IN THAT MUCH OF A RUSH. BE A GOOD BOY AND LIGHT MY CIGARETTE.
SURE, HONEY, SURE. I'M IN NO RUSH!
I WONDER IF SHE HEARD ANYTHING...
LILY'S MY NAME. HOW ABOUT WALKING A WAY WITH ME? A GIRL NEEDS PROTECTION NOW-A-DAYS... WITH THE STRANGLER STILL LOOSE!
SURE, LILY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
WELL, WE MADE IT THROUGH THE PARK! THANKS A LOT, HANDSOME...FOR THE PROTECTION!
I DON'T GET THIS . DID SHE HEAR SOMETHING OR IS SHE ON THE LEVEL?
SAY, CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN, LILY? HOW ABOUT NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT?
WE-EL, ALL RIGHT! YOU SEEM SAFE ENOUGH! FRIDAY, THEN! FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH! YOU'RE NOT SUPER-STITIOUS, ARE YOU?
SUPERSTITIOUS? NOT ME, LILY! I'M A LUCKY FELLOW! MEET YOU RIGHT HERE AT NINE ON FRIDAY!

...TO LILY...ON FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH HE EAGERLY AWAITED HER/..AND LATER THAT EVENING
IT'S FUNNY, LILY... YOU'RE REALLY THE FIRST GIRL I'VE EVER LOVED.
DON'T TALK, GREGG JUST HOLD ME CLOSE/
BUT AS THEIR LIPS MET . A SMALL DOUBT FLICKERED THROUGH GREGG'S MIND...
I WONDER/
DID SHE SEE ANYTHING THE NIGHT THAT I KILLED GINNY? NO/ SHE COULDN'T HAVE/ SHE WOULDN'T FEEL THIS WAY ABOUT ME IF SHE KNEW/
THEY MET AGAIN/ GREG NO LONGER FREQUENTED THE TOWN'S HOTSPOTS AND HIS MONEY DWINDLED...
LILY, I HAVEN'T EVEN ENOUGH MONEY FOR A MOVIE TONIGHT/
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY. WE'LL JUST WALK IN THE PARK/
GREGG'S ANSWER WAS HOT AND BITTER...
IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT/ I DON'T LIKE BEING BROKE/ I LIKE MONEY AND HAVING A GOOD TIME/
BUT GREGG/ WE LOVE EACH OTHER AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS/
YES, I LOVE YOU, LILY, BUT I LOVE MONEY MORE/ I'M TRAPPED/ I WANT MY OLD WAY OF LIFE AGAIN, LOTS OF GIRLS, AND BRIGHT LIGHTS/
I WISH I COULD HELP/
MAYBE YOU CAN, LILY/ IF WE JUST HAD SOME MONEY TO SPEND/ CAN YOU GET ANY? NOT A FEW DOLLARS BUT A LOT/
MAYBE, GREGG I'M NOT SURE MY AUNT HAS MONEY-- MAYBE SHE'LL LOAN ME SOME.
LILY PHONED GREGG THE NEXT DAY TO TELL HIM SHE COULD GET THE MONEY. THEY ARRANGED TO MEET THE FOLLOWING NIGHT. BUT AS GREGG SAT IN HIS ROOM THAT EVENING HE WAS TORN BY INDECISION...
I LOVE HER---BUT I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY WHEN THE MONEY RUNS OUT, WHAT THEN?

THERE WAS ONLY ONE ANSWER HE COULD FIND...
I'LL KILL HER--- NOW, BEFORE IT'S TOO HARD--- IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

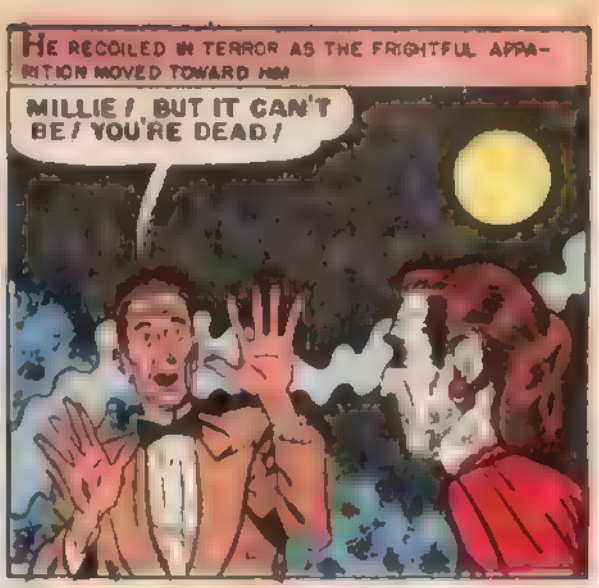
ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WHEN GREG AND LILY MET IN THE PARK...
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, DARLING! WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER A MONTH!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS IS MARCH 13TH!

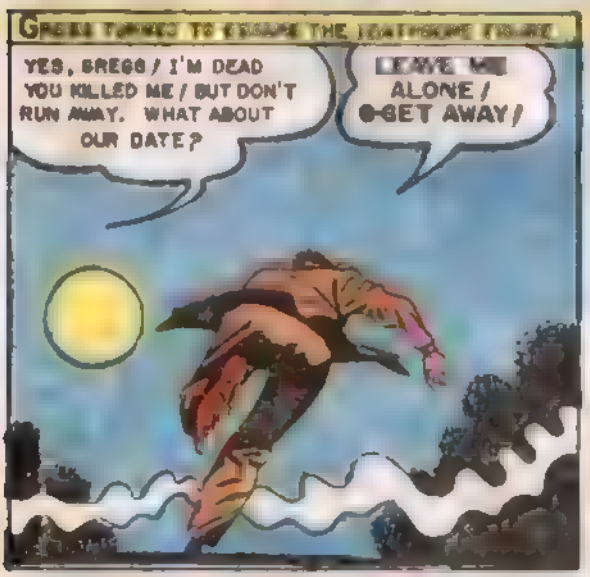
AND FRIDAY AGAIN! I'M GLAD YOU AREN'T SUPER-STITIOUS ABOUT THE THIRTEENTH!
IT'S A LUCKY DAY FOR ME! MET YOU A MONTH AGO AND NOW... BRING THE MONEY? I'D LIKE IT NOW!

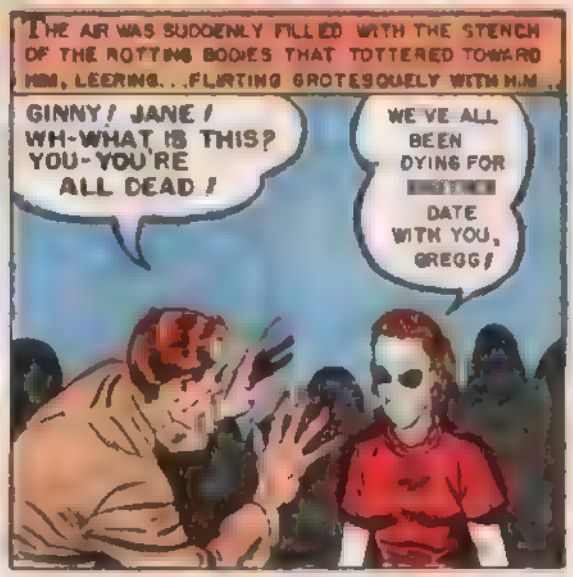
LILY STARTED TO TEASE GREGG... BUT HIS TWISTED NERVES WERE IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR...
IF YOU WANT IT, YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, GREGG. YOU'RE TOO IMPATIENT!
WAIT, LILY! DON'T PLAY GAMES NOW! THERE ISN'T TIME...!

HE CAUGHT HER DEEP IN THE PARK AND AS HE SWUNG HER AROUND...
THIS IS ABOUT WHERE I MET YOU, DARLING! ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT.
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, LILY! YOU'RE IN MY WAY! I WANT THAT MONEY WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED!

GREGG FORCED HER DOWN TO THE GROUND...THE SAME PLACE PLACE WHERE HE HAD COMMITTED THIRTEEN OTHER MURDERS...







AT LAST GREGG'S DREAM HAD COME TRUE . A BEVY OF COY CADAVERS CLAMORED FOR HIS ATTENTIONS! THE LITTLE MURDER NOOK ECHOED WITH GHASTLY ROMANCE! GREGG, THE LADY KILLER, HAD ALWAYS BEEN GIRL CRAZY AND.. THE GHOULS WERE CERTAINLY CRAZY ABOUT HIM..

THE END

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